

INT. BURTON HIGH SCHOOL. DETENTION. AFTERNOON.

Wayne stares into space. He sits in the back row nearly hidden by the shadows of the room. His leg restlessly bobs up and down. A white-haired TEACHER(60s)sits at the front of the classroom marking up a student's assignment in a thick red pen.

DAY DREAM SEQUENCE

Wayne is a child again. Eight years old, in his own bedroom. The dark blue walls and ceiling that at one time made him feel like he was flying through the sky like a superhero, were now dark and threatening. Wayne sits on the edge of his bed, his short legs not yet reaching the the hard wood floor.

The door swings open with a powerful gust. Wayne shrinks back in terror at the dark phantom at his door. It's Travis. His body is elongated, his head nearly touching the ceiling. The only thing visible in his black frame are the bright whites of his eyes, the disgusting yellow of his teeth, and the orange embers that burn through his cigarette.

Travis looks down at Wayne's small body. He smirks.

TRAVIS

Who do you even think you are?  
Wayne you'll never make it off of  
these streets. You're a dream  
wasted.

Wayne starts to tear up. His body trembles

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You barely making it out of high  
school? Failing every class.  
(beat)  
But I bet you think you're better  
than me? No, that will never be--

*CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!*

Travis is interrupted by a clicking sound that fills the room.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

*CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!*

TEACHER

Wake up!

(CONTINUED)